



**The Ploughman.**

BOSTON, SATURDAY, DEC. 25, 1886.

See "Personal Notices" in the address or masthead of this paper for the names and addresses of those who have been and are still the members of the paper.

## MEETING OF FARMERS.

There will be a meeting of Farmers in the Hall of the Ploughman Building, 45 Milk Street, Saturday, Jan. 8, 1887, at ten o'clock in the forenoon. Subject to be announced hereafter.

**A photographic report of the address of Hon. Edward Burnet, and the discussion following at the Meeting of Farmers in the Hall of the Ploughman Building, Saturday, Dec. 18, will be published in next week's issue of the *Ploughman*.**

## THE MILK PRODUCERS.

The programme of the exercises at the coming meeting of the New England Milk Producers' Association will be found elsewhere.

The topics that are to come up for discussion are the first interest to the members of the Association, since they relate to its re-organization, and that carries with it other questions which are vital to the interests of milk producers.

## DISCUSSION ON "GRASSES."

A full photographic report of the discussion at the Farmers Meeting on "The Grasses" will be ready with profit and pleasure in this week's *Ploughman*. The meeting at which the discussion was had was a very full and earnest one, and the interest set forth by farmers in a subject that which is more important to them than any other, is evidence of the value of the permanent prosperity of agriculture.

The meetings were numerous and their views were of decided interest and value. Those Saturday meetings of the farmers' have long since become a feature of the times in agricultural progress, and the *Ploughmen* remit neither effort nor expense to make them all that can be desired for the farmers or the general public.

## CHRISTMAS.

To all the readers, patrons, and friends of the Massachusetts *Ploughman* the greetings of the season, which are by common consent included in the phrase—**A MERRY CHRISTMAS!**

This is the season for universal joy and gladness, for the free exchange of wishes and gifts. It is the time when we are all expected to pull down the barriers that may hitherto have separated us from another, and to reach one another's hearts directly.

Custom has made sacred the season that it is not even compel, these manifestations. It is dedicated to childhood, in commemoration of the Divine One who on that day was laid in a manger; and the feelings of tenderness and love that accompany infancy.

The children are the ones for whom the day called Christmas is primarily set apart. They enjoy it as they would any other day.

Mr. B. O. Hadwen followed Mr. Burnett, and confirmed from his own experience that the father had said, besides giving his own relation to the marks of Presidents Nelsheim, on the death of Marshall P. Wilder, in a feeling manner.

President Nelsheim, in opening the meeting, said that Mr. Wilder "was a man whose record for useful and patriotic work was second to none."

He was born in 1816, at Wethersfield, Conn., and died at Wethersfield, Oct. 21, 1886.

He was buried at Wethersfield, Conn., on Oct. 23, 1886.

He was a man of great personal worth, and a good citizen.

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## The Poet's Corner.

Written expressly for the Massachusetts Ploughman.

## TEDDY'S CHRISTMAS.

By ELIA F. MORLEY.

Do you hear the children weeping, O, my brothers,  
For the sorrow comes with years;  
They are leading their young heads against  
The trees that do not stop their tears.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNE.

Poor Teddy, the news-boy, stands still in the

His feet are weary, his heart gray and cold;  
While down from the clouded hill in swift silent  
snow.Through all the long hours falls the benedic-  
tive snow.With his papers he stands in despair,  
That pitiful picture boy bowed with care;

The heaven that encompasses childhood's smile.

Is veiled from his sight by grim poverty's  
tears.

A motherless boy with a hard-hearted sire;

In weakness he shrinks from his father's  
strong arm.

She has not his home, a desolate room,

Where no smile of welcome will banish the  
gloom.Tis the eve of all eyes, glad childhoods delight,  
And tides of merriment dash over the shore;

While Teddy looks, a cold, hungry and lone-

Worthy strolling a sojourn and a moan.

Through the streets, as they pass to and  
from.

Sighs, sorrows as mortals can be here below;

Her laughter, their joy mock the alien child,

Who feels the sharp touch of the winter  
wind wild.

The lights in the windows, the street lamps

Transform the gloom to a miniature day

And today moves with a step faint and  
slow;His weeping garb crumpled with beautiful  
snow.He reaches a mansion where wealth finds  
repose,Through lace-shaded casements soft lustre  
out-flows;And passing on, while the church clock  
chimes nine,The sight that he sees, to his eyes seems  
divine.The picture unfolds through a web of rich lace,  
As I press to the pane is a white little  
And today forgetting cold, hunger, and careThinks the scene is enchantment and para-  
dise there.

The children within to the poor without—

As they move in a mimic, a mimic road,

In nature's bower that rivals the rainbow rare.

In scenes visited from their home in the tall  
Christmas tree.The flowers of all climes wreath the windows  
and walls,

Whose fragrance sweeten his spiritual home;

His eyes wide with wonder—a treasure-tree so vast

Mad the lowly lights' shear the tall  
Christmas tree.While gazing entranced on this dream of de-  
lusion,

A few of sad tears yet beat the beautiful sight,

Whose sunshine and sweetness from him lie  
as far;

As evening's rare jewel, her radiant star.

A child with deep sorrow outpeering the sun;

Life's pitiful contrasts are told in his tears;

Him from the glory to him long unknown

With poverty's bitter cup overflow.

He craves up the steps where his heart sinks down at

Vain longing and hope from his heart's deep

Heads follow how his papers unfold,

He keeps all unconscious of hunger and cold.

He peacefully sleeps as if joys were his own;

And trouble and trials he never had known;

He dreams of a land where it is day

Where he wanders with a way and a day.

But feet never hew his heart, as high waters flow;

With murmuring music in shadow and shore,

Ever wavy woods and meadow lands green.

A child now approaches with infinite grace;

A smiling welcome on his radiant face;

While children the fauns around him al-  
throng,

Delighting the ear with their exquisite song.

The child in their midst, with God-like life;

And beauty the rarest that ever was seen;

Sparks softly and gladdily: "I've waited for

My heaven is thy home, where hide with me,  
my self."They sorrows are ended, thy cross is laid  
down.Rich evenings await thee and joy is thy  
crown;

The impress of nials on each delicate palm.

A fair Christmas morning, the storm-king has  
died.

And Teddy's ringing sleep the dead of death;

His tattered garb crumpled with the dawn's  
gold glow.His tattered garb crumpled with beautiful  
snow.

## Ladies' Department.

CHRISTMAS EVE AT  
GLENMOOR.

## A STORY IN SIX PARTS.

By SOPHIE L. SCHENCK.

I.

I have a letter here from Sister Martha,"

said Mr. Heathcote, addressing his wife,

"in which makes a request that I wish to  
make to you. But where is Irma?"

Sister Martha did not know what day it was.

She used to wear it Thursday night to

Mr. Ball's party, therefore she is hard at

work upon it, in order to have it ready."

Teddy, I do not like the way you  
think about him, his bright waters flow;How do you propose keeping her, but he  
had sent for her accommodations?

I have a letter here from Sister Martha,"

said Mrs. Heathcote, looking at her husband,

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Irma is upstairs sewing. She is nineteen, but  
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